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THE EMPRESS CATHERINE AND POTESKIN AT TEARSKOENLO.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER XXIX.—AN ARREST ARRESTED.—
TEARSKOENLO.

THE prince had stepped into his carriage, and was motioning to Gilbert Penrhyn and his nephew to
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follow, when, gliding from behind a pillar, a subaltern officer of the Imperial Guards arrested the progress of the latter, by laying a hand roughly on his arm, and whispering in his ears, "In the name of the Empress!"

The action was so sudden that neither the prince nor the merchant perceived the interruption; and it was only when Potemkin—impatient of the delay—looked out to hasten the young man's movement, that he was aware of its cause.

To spring from his carriage, to snatch the whip from the hand of his coachman, to lay it lustily on the shoulders of the unfortunate and rash official, till he cried for mercy, while the three inferior soldiers who accompanied him drew off to a secure distance, leaving their young and rash commander to writhe alone beneath the severe discipline—all this, I say, was not only the work of a moment, but was so consistent with Russian military usages, that the few casual spectators merely shrugged their shoulders, grinned, and passed on; while the immediate servants of the prince, his out-riders, and his mounted aide-de-camp looked on with imperturbable gravity and indifference.

At length, when his arm was wearied with the exertion, the prince condescended to address a few stern words in Russ to the weeping young officer, who meekly replied, producing a paper which he handed to the prince with a profound *congé*. Glancing at this document, Potemkin tore it asunder with an expression of contempt, signed to Clifford to enter the carriage, thundered a volley of emphatic native gutturals at the cringing young soldier, threw the whip to his coachman, and then sprang into his seat, shouting "*Pashóle*" to his servants: in another moment the whole cavalcade was in rapid motion.

For a few minutes the prince and his companions maintained their position in profound silence, which was at last broken by Potemkin, who burst out into an uproarious laugh.

"A near escape for you, young fire-eater," he exclaimed, when he had relieved himself by this cachinnation; "you have been watched and followed all day; but I have taught the fellow to respect dignities in future."

Another silence intervened, but not of long continuance; the prince was evidently in high good-humour with his recent exploit, and with the hope and intention of humbling a proud rival; and he commenced a conversation with the merchant, respecting the subsisting commercial relations between their respective countries. But as we have no immediate concern with the charters, tariffs, and customs, which occupied their animated discourse, we shall take the liberty of preceding them on their short journey.

At the distance of about twenty-four *versets*, or eighteen English miles, from St. Petersburg, stands the palace of Tzarskoselo, or Czarsco-celo, which is said to owe its origin to the affectionate feelings of the first Catherine towards her husband, Peter the Great. During one of his temporary absences in Poland from his darling labour of building St. Petersburg, Catherine, intending to give him an agreeable surprise, had a villa erected with great secrecy and extraordinary despatch, upon a beautiful spot, called Starskoi Muisa. On his return to St. Petersburg, the czar, who at that time had no residence out of his new building city, was one day complaining of the heat, when Catherine proposed that they should visit a pleasant spot which she had accidentally

discovered. And, to the czar's astonishment, she conducted him to a finished château, elegantly furnished, and having gardens in the Dutch style, of which he was immoderately fond. Peter was enchanted with this additional proof of his wife's tenderness, and declared, on leaving the château, that he had passed there one of the happiest days of his life.

Tzarskoselo was afterwards enlarged and embellished, and made into a palace, by the empress Elizabeth; and when completed, all the ornaments in front were covered with gold-leaf, the estimated value of which was above a million of ducats; but these gorgeous follies shortly fell into decay, and the whole front was painted by order of Catherine II, with whom the palace, especially in the later years of her reign, was a favourite retirement from her more official residences, and from the fatigues of public life.

A traveller of the last century, not many years subsequently to the time of which we write, describes the interior of the palace of Tzarskoselo, as presenting a number of spacious and gaudy rooms, fitted up in a style combining a mixture of barbarity and magnificence hardly to be credited; and an amusing proof of this he gives immediately afterwards. "The walls of one of the rooms," he goes on, "are entirely covered with fine pictures, by the best of the Flemish and other masters. They are fitted together without frames, so as to cover on each side the whole of the wall, without the smallest attention to disposition or general effect; and, to consummate the vandalism of those who directed the work, when they found a place they could not conveniently fill, the pictures were cut, in order to adapt them to the accidental spaces left vacant. Some of Ostade's best works were among the number of those thus ruined. I was also assured, by authority I shall not venture to name, that a profusion of pictures of the Flemish school were then lying in a cellar of the palace.

"But the most extraordinary apartment, and that which usually attracts the notice of strangers more than any other, is a room about thirty feet square, entirely covered on all sides, from top to bottom, with amber—a lamentable waste of innumerable specimens of a substance which could nowhere have been so ill employed. The effect produces neither beauty nor magnificence.

"In an apartment prepared for Prince Potemkin, the floor was covered with different sorts of exotic wood interlaid, the expense of which amounted to 100 roubles for every square archine. A profusion of gilding appears in many of the other rooms. The ball-room is 140 feet long, by 52 feet wide, and two stories high. The walls and pilasters of another apartment are ornamented with lapis lazuli, as well as the tables it contains. The cabinet of mirrors is a small room, lined with large pier glasses, looking upon a terrace, near which is a covered gallery above 300 feet long. There are various statues about the house and gardens, in marble and in bronze, all without merit. The chapel is entirely of gilded wood, and very richly ornamented.

"A small flower-garden leads to the bath, which is ornamented with jaspers, agates, and statues and columns of marble. The grotto is also adorned in the same way, with a number of beautiful

products of the mineral kingdom, wrought into columns, busts, bas-reliefs, vases, etc.; among others, a vase composed of the precious stones of Siberia. From this grotto is seen a lake, on which appears the rostral column to Orloff, which the empress erected in honour of the naval victory he obtained over the Turks at Tchesmé.*

The palace of Tzarskoselo, which, since the death of the empress in whose reign our story is placed, has been deserted, is built in the form of a Turkish pavilion; and, notwithstanding the severe strictures of the not easily pleased traveller just quoted, it would gain something by comparison with another pavilion nearer home, which, within our recollection, a satirist thus described:—

"The outside—huge tea-pots, all drilled round with holes,

Relieved by extinguishers, sticking on poles:

The inside—all tea-things, and dragons, and bells,

The show rooms—all show; the sleeping-rooms, cells."

It would seem, however, that the palace of Tzarskoselo, owing its origin to a tender and affectionate whim, was doomed thereafter to be the sport of expensive follies, traces of which still remain, either to amuse or annoy the modern traveller according to the liberality or fastidiousness of his architectural tastes. A cluster of remarkable houses, for instance, which stand opposite to one of the gates of the palace, bears the appropriate designation of "The Caprice."

These houses "are built of different sizes, and are smaller the farther they are removed from the road. They are disposed in two rows, and converge at the farthest extremity. Their form, shape, and design, are also various. The *coup d'œil* is striking, and awakens at once the curiosity of the observer, to know what could have been the origin of so *bizarre* an arrangement. It is, in fact, a *caprice*."

"The empress Catherine happening to be at the theatre one night, was struck with a painted scene, representing the perspective view of a small town, at which she expressed her great pleasure to Orloff, who was with her. The next time she visited Tzarskoselo, she was agreeably surprised with the sight of her favourite scene, which she found had become a reality. Orloff, with a rapidity that has no parallel, and which money and unbounded authority can alone command, had planned and ordered the realization of that scene, to surprise his sovereign; and it must be admitted that he succeeded admirably, for, viewed from the gate of the Caprice, this little town presents itself precisely like a prospective town projected upon an even surface."[†]

At a later period, and not above a year or two before the date to which our history has reached, Tzarskoselo was the scene of another strange whim. It was on the occasion of a visit to Catherine by the emperor Joseph II of Austria, the object of which was to concert plans for the disturbance of the Ottoman empire, and to apportion their respective spoils.

"The aversion of the Austrian emperor," writes the historian of Catherine, "to residing in state is generally known. Previous to his arrival, the czarina had offered her imperial visitor a suite of

splendid apartments in the palace; but to this he objected; and added, that unless her Majesty would permit him to take up his quarters at an inn, however desirous he was of prolonging his visit, he must undergo the mortification of denying himself that high honour. Accordingly, the gardener at Tzarskoselo received orders to convert his house into an inn, by hanging out a sign, and to furnish accommodations for the emperor. A catherine-wheel was therefore painted on a board, and below it, in German characters, was written, "The Falkenstein Arms." Here the emperor, under the name of Count Falkenstein, put up on arriving at Tzarskoselo, and was perfectly satisfied with the entertainment he received from the honest inn-keeper and his worthy family. It may easily be imagined," adds the historian, "that a number of laughable incidents happened here during the emperor's stay."

From this digression we return to our story.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CZARINA.

THE carriage of Prince Potemkin rolled rapidly onwards; and ere two hours had passed away, it whirled through the extensive and well laid-out grounds which separated the palace from the high road.

It was already growing dusk, and a numerous train of servants, with lighted torches, escorted the prince and his companions through the courtyard of the palace, and attended him to his own apartment, which has been already described. The merchant and his nephew passed on in silence; Clifford could not fail to perceive, however, that the step of the prince was more stately, and his aspect more dignified than they had been in his own palace in St. Petersburg; and that he looked around him as though with the proud consciousness that he was where he had the power if not the right of commanding. He seemed, in short, not so much an honoured though an unexpected guest, as a master returning to his own home after a short unwelcome absence.

The prince's apartment seemed, too, to have been kept in constant readiness for his arrival at any moment. It was deliciously warmed by a handsome porcelain stove; and the chandeliers, suspended from the ceiling by gilded chains, were supplied with wax candles, which at a touch shed a refulgent light around; while grave personages, for whom, in their office, our language affords no more expressive designation than "gentlemen's gentlemen," waited obsequiously the orders of the prince. By one of these a message was conveyed to the empress, requesting an audience for the prince; and by others refreshments were set before him, of which he presently invited his companions to partake.

But not much time was afforded for further remark. Potemkin, indeed, had scarcely thrown himself on a softly-cushioned sofa, when the folding-doors at the end of the apartment were thrown open, and, preceded by several tall and lusty menials in the imperial livery, entered, with a quick, though not hurried step, a lady whose personal appearance we may endeavour to describe.

This lady, then, was of moderate stature, and

* Dr. Clarke.

† Gilbert's "Russia Illustrated."

somewhat *embonpoint*, yet not so as to conceal a well-proportioned frame, rather masculine, perhaps, than feminine, the effect of which was heightened by the particularly erect manner in which she carried her head. The countenance of this personage was striking: in earlier years she had evidently been handsome, and traces of beauty yet remained in her well-formed features, though it was a beauty of outward contour, rather than of expression. Her complexion was good, and was perhaps heightened by the arrival of her unexpected, though welcome visitor; for we need scarcely say that the lady was Catherine herself. But it was well known that the empress kept up the reputation of a fine complexion by the not sparing use of cosmetics and rouge: this, however, was a failing common in Russia at that time among ladies of rank and fashion; and not uncommon, as our grandmothers have told us, in countries and among communities nearer home.

The eyes of Catherine were large and full, and of a bright, sparkling blue, giving animation to a countenance, which, as a whole, was not deficient in a certain gentleness as well as nobleness of expression that well became her, and was probably so far natural as to soften and control her conduct when some mightier passions did not intervene. It is acknowledged, indeed, that this curious and melancholy compound of many enormous vices and some apparent virtues, rarely carried revenge to its extremity, or abused power beyond the limits ambition had fixed for its exercise. Until that point was reached, however, she was inexorable, and the tinge of feminine gentleness which gave, so far, a grace to her countenance, could scarcely be said to betray the genuine emotions of her soul, but rather to disguise them.

At the time of which we write, Catherine had long passed the meridian of life; but few traces of age yet presented themselves to the observer. Her step was firm, and her ordinary gait majestic; her hands and arms were delicately white and well rounded; and if a sprinkling of gray was mingled with the naturally dark brown hair that was turned back from her high and open forehead, it was disguised by the almost universal fashion of the time, which demanded from ladies, as well as from the other sex, a constant attention to pomatum and powder.

The dress of the czarina, on the evening of which we write, differed in no particulars from the usual costume of Russian ladies of that period. She wore a silk gown of green—a favourite colour with the Russians of both sexes—shorter than, in our own country, in this present day of street-sweeping robes, would be considered decorous, and forming in front a kind of vest. A small lace cap, sparkling with diamonds, covered, or rather lay upon, the crown of her head, which permitted her hair to fall back, and flow in well-trained curls on her shoulders.

The meeting of the empress with Potemkin, who had risen to his feet at the opening of the door, and advanced towards his imperial mistress, was singularly free from embarrassment; or, if any degree of embarrassment might have been apparent to a close observer, it certainly would not have been on the part of the prince, who, bow-

ing gracefully, but not servilely, permitted, rather than invited by look or gesture, the empress to place her hand within his arm, as he turned and accompanied her to the upper end of the apartment, from which the merchant and his nephew had modestly withdrawn. The attendants also retired from the room, leaving only our two Englishmen within hearing, and that but partially and imperfectly, of the following dialogue.*

"Have you no apology to make, prince," said Catherine, reproachfully, "for your long absence, and the strange reply you condescended to make to my late message?"

"Madam," replied Potemkin, "if I have fallen under your Majesty's displeasure, it is a profound misfortune which I cannot sufficiently regret: but I must be permitted to remind your Majesty that my place in your Majesty's council being filled up, I had no longer a choice—"

"How, prince! What new jealousy is this? Who is the great offender now, whose happiness has cast you into sullenness?" demanded the empress, smiling.

"Your Majesty may think fit to treat me with ridicule," rejoined the prince, speaking angrily, "and I must doubtless submit to my evil destiny; but it will not alter my purpose to retire into the seclusion which will probably be no less satisfactory to your Majesty than—"

Here Potemkin lowered his voice, and the flush of indignation gave way to an aspect of sorrow and distress. The empress replied in a soft and gentle tone also, the purport of which would have been lost to a more curious and observant listener than were either the merchant or his nephew.

Once or twice the empress and Potemkin passed the spot where our two Englishmen stood, but without bestowing on them a glance, while their conversation was either suspended or carried on in an undertone. At length the voices became louder and more animated, and the prince's face once more exhibited signs of vexation and impatience, as he exclaimed—"I came, Madam, not to listen to your Majesty's oft-repeated assurances, nor to intrude my personal regrets, but to declare that your Majesty must choose between this General Roskin and myself. If your Majesty chooses to set against the faithful services of a life devoted to your Majesty's interests, the new-born zeal of a *parvenu*—"

"Prince," interposed Catherine, mildly, "was it not you who recommended General Roskin to my notice, and proposed his journey to Vienna? I am not to be blamed that I followed your advice; nor is he to be discarded because his mission has been more successful than we anticipated. Be reasonable, my dear prince."

"Your Majesty need not remind me that I did on this, as on other occasions, sacrifice my personal feelings to the good of the state, and to your Majesty's own wishes; but I call your Majesty to witness that I did not recommend this man Roskin

* Court manners, like common manners, vary and differ according to time, place, and circumstance. The empress Catherine was in the habit of treating Potemkin as a spoiled and petted child; and so far from its being extraordinary and incredible that she should, as stated above, visit the prince in his apartment, instead of admitting him to an audience in her own, it was her frequent practice, when he was at the palace, to leave a large assembly of guests, to pay him this honour.

to a share in your Majesty's secret counsels, and to other marks of unequivocal favour which you have been pleased to bestow upon him, till he fancies himself only second to your Majesty in importance."

"You speak riddles, *mon cher General*," said Catherine, "according to your wont when you are angry. May I ask you to explain your meaning?"

"It is easily explained, Madam," said Potemkin; "it is notorious that General Roskin boasts of having superseded me in your Majesty's regards; and that your Majesty intends to intrust him with the direction—;" once more the tone of the prince was lowered to a discreet whisper, of which only the word "campaign" was distinctly audible.

The countenance of the empress changed as Potemkin spoke: for the first time, an angry spot was visible on her cheek; but she replied in undistinguishable whispers, which might have conveyed to the ears for which they were intended, either a remonstrance or an apology.

Meanwhile, both Gilbert Penrhyn and his nephew felt sufficiently uncomfortable in the delicate position they occupied, as the auditors of a conversation in which personally they had no concern. It was manifest, however, that the distinguished personages were not unmindful of their presence, and, except at particular parts of the conversation, were indifferent to the fact that they were not alone; and the merchant saw no means of escaping from the embarrassing necessity of waiting till it should please the prince to turn to the affair of his nephew, which he seemed to have forgotten. As to Clifford, he began to suspect that the pretended willingness of Potemkin to protect him from the malice of his enemy, had no other foundation than the prince's own inveterate hatred of a favoured rival. In this, however, he did Potemkin less justice than he deserved.

From these disagreeable reflections, both Gilbert Penrhyn and Clifford were suddenly roused by the voice of the prince, stern and decided, saying:—

"Madam, there is no alternative. Your Majesty must either dismiss Roskin or me. One of us must quit your court. As long as your Majesty pleases to admit him to your counsels, I will not set my foot within your palace."

"Say on, prince," faltered the empress: "you know your power, and you—you abuse it."

"Nay, Madam," exclaimed Potemkin, passionately, while his variable tones once more subsided into the softness of persuasion—"if your Majesty will dismiss this presumptuous man at my request—and, believe me, it is my anxiety for your Majesty's welfare induces me to make it—and if, further, your Majesty should be pleased to appreciate my services according to their probable merit, nothing shall exceed my zeal and devotedness to your Majesty's service. I shall continue to provide for the interests of the empire, and shall hope to be as fortunate in the future as I have been in the past."*

* The above extraordinary remonstrance and declaration, and threat of withdrawal from the palace as the alternative to the instant dismissal of a favourite, is not supplied by the imagination of the writer. With the exchange of a name, it is taken almost *verbatim et literatim* from authentic history.

The momentary anger of the empress had vanished ere Potemkin had brought his peroration to a close, and seemed to give place to a winning smile. "You do not imagine, my dear Prince," she said, "that I can for one moment place the services of this General Roskin in competition with yours. And, as nothing else will content you, he shall have permission to-morrow to repair to his estate, which doubtless needs his superintendence. But methinks, Prince, your anger has burst into a sudden flame against so insignificant a rival."

"Not insignificant, Madam," replied the prince, "when he can usurp the office of chief commissioner of police, and employ an officer of your Majesty's Guards to arrest—" his voice sunk again, and Clifford, whose hearing was rendered involuntarily acute, as the subject of conversation appeared to turn in his direction, could only distinguish the word "*Anglois*;" for it is needful to observe that the conversation, which we have freely translated, was not carried on in our hero's native language.

"You are too scrupulous, Prince," said Catherine; "these insolent islanders need an occasional correction; and after all, as I understand, the *gamin* who assaulted the General is only a *bourgeois*, to whom a taste of Russian discipline will not come amiss."

"Your Majesty has been misinformed in two important particulars," replied Potemkin; "for, first, the assault was made by the General; and, next—" once more, to the disappointment and provocation of the subject of this conversation, the prince's voice lost its potency. Whatever he said, however, it met with—to Clifford—a satisfactory reply.

"That alters the case, *mon cher Prince*; and the order for the arrest shall be cancelled."

Saying this, Catherine approached the spot where the two Englishmen were standing, and so fixed her eyes on them that, for the first time, they felt bound to acknowledge her presence by the customary reverence due to her imperial rank. Apparently, the empress was satisfied with her petitioners, or, it may be, with the previous whispered explanation given by the prince; for, without immediate reference to the object of their visit, she pleasantly addressed herself to Gilbert Penrhyn by name; and by a significant gesture, which Clifford was quick-witted enough correctly to interpret, permitted the younger visitor to kneel and kiss her extended hand.

"You have had a narrow escape of Siberia, Monsieur," said Catherine; "it was a mistake, but one easier to prevent than to remedy. No thanks," she added, as Clifford was about to speak; "we may have occasion for your services; and we trust that an honourable commission to the south of our empire will be more acceptable than an exile to the north." And, without waiting for reply, or proffering further explanation, Catherine, accompanied by the prince, slowly withdrew from the apartment, leaving our hero in a wondering excitement, and his uncle in grave perplexity, in consequence of her closing intimation.

Later in the evening Potemkin re-appeared, and announced his intention of returning forthwith to St. Petersburg, to which course neither Gilbert nor Clifford had the slightest objection; and, in a

short space, they were once more seated in the prince's carriage, and travelling homewards by the light of a full-orbed moon.

The prince was in excellent spirits, and congratulated Clifford on the success of his negotiations. "You have nothing further to fear from General Roskin," said he; "an order has already been despatched to the commissary to hold you free from any further trouble; and the General will have enough to do to attend to his own affairs," he added, laughing, "to have time to interfere with yours."

The merchant and his nephew both expressed their obligations to the prince for his services. Nevertheless, in the mind of each were two distinct sources of anxiety, if not of dissatisfaction, with the events of the evening. The first, and that which operated with the greater force with Clifford, was, that, during the progress of his own deliverance, neither his uncle nor himself had been able to plead the cause of their imprisoned friend Ivanoff. The other, and that which more immediately troubled Gilbert, was the hint that his nephew was unwittingly enlisted, so to speak, in the service of the empress; and he felt much as the anxious friends of some young villager may be supposed to feel, when the unsuspecting bumpkin has been enticed into receiving the fatal shilling from the hand of a gay recruiting sergeant.

And equally unsuccessful did it appear that his efforts would be to release his entrapped nephew from the unwished-for engagement; for on intimating to Potemkin that it was probable his own and his nephew's speedy departure from Russia would prevent Clifford's availing himself of the empress's kind intentions in his favour, the prince shortly replied, that the young man's absence from St. Petersburg could by no means be permitted until her Majesty's pleasure were known; and that this pleasure would doubtless be shortly conveyed to Clifford himself. With this reply the merchant was fain to content himself as he best could, trusting that, in a few days, the entire transaction would have slipped out of her Majesty's memory.

In reference to the unfortunate serf-artist, the prince was more explicit. He himself engaged to procure his release from prison; but any interference between him and his master was out of the question. The empress herself would not venture on so unpopular a stretch of her supreme authority. Being thus answered, the travellers performed the rest of their journey in silence, until, arriving at the mansion of Potemkin, they were permitted to take their way home in a hired droski, the prince probably deeming it superfluous condescension to permit them the further use of his carriage. He did not fail, however, to remind Gilbert Penrhyn, that, in the ensuing week, he should expect to be invited to dine at the merchant's table; an honour which—as we have before said—Gilbert Penrhyn, hospitable as he was, would gladly have avoided if it had been in his power. He submitted to the infliction, however, with a good grace; and the event passed off without any occurrence worthy of record, save that, among the courses was a round of beef cooked in the English fashion, and that the prince was so enamoured therewith that he gave directions—to the unbounded astonishment and dismay of

honest Barton—to have the remainder of it, together with the dish on which it had been served, conveyed to his palace, for the further delectation of his appetite.*

Little more need be added to this chapter. Potemkin's averment that Clifford would hear no more of General Roskin's enmity proved correct; and before two days had passed away, the general, with his establishment, was on the road to Semeonovskoye; and thereby Penrhyn Clifford was once more disappointed of his expected interview with his fellow passenger of the "Mary Ann."

Meanwhile the merchant, by means of Barton, learned that Alexey Ivanoff had been released from durance by order of Prince Potemkin; but when, on the following and several succeeding days, both uncle and nephew called at his lodging, they found it deserted; nor could they gain any intelligence concerning the unhappy artist.

Other events interposed to turn the attention of Clifford and the grave anxieties of his uncle into another channel. Catherine, as it appeared, had not forgotten the "enlistment shilling," with which she had parted; for, two or three weeks after the visit to Tzarskoselo, Clifford received a peremptory though flattering summons to present himself at the Admiralty, where he received an appointment that would have excited the envy of many young men of higher rank and pretensions than his own, and which probably raised a flush of gratified ambition to his cheek; but which the more sober-minded merchant looked upon with dismay, as the introduction of his nephew to dangers and temptations of no ordinary kind. There seemed, however, no present help for it; and Clifford returned to his uncle's house to prepare for a hurried journey to the southern extremity of the empire, with despatches to the mock court of the unhappy Khan and nominal sovereign of Taurida—Schaghin Gheray.

Gilbert Penrhyn, with a sorrowful heart, remained at St. Petersburg, and employed himself in winding up his mercantile affairs, hoping, ere long, to detach his nephew from his temporary employment, in order to their return to their native country.

Here we must for the present take leave of the merchant and Penrhyn Clifford, to meet with them again in other scenes, and turn to another train of adventures, and another of the personages of our history, concerning whom, we trust, our readers already have felt some foreshadowings of interest.

HOW TO ADMINISTER ADVICE.—Advice should always be given in the smoothest and most polished medium—as you will see nurses administering medicine to children in a silver spoon.

The man who can be a gentleman when he pleases, always pleases to be a gentleman.

* The writer of "The Englishman in Russia" protests against the above incidents, among other strange freaks of Potemkin, being attributed to his fertile invention. Historians are permitted to differ slightly from each other, however, in mere details. By some it is said, that this abduction of beef occurred at the table of Baron Sutherland, the court banker, and a member of the English factory; also that Potemkin was so proud of his exploit that the joint was regularly served at his table, and placed on a sideboard in the ante-chamber, until it was all eaten; the prince applying himself to it several times a day, and pressing those who visited him to try the English fare.

A CHAPTER ON BELLS.

"Tra tutte quante le musiche humane,
O signor mio gentil, tra le piu care
Gioje del mondo, è 'l suon delle campane;
Don, don, don, don, don, don; che ve ne pare?"
AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA.

. . . . Of human musics all,
Good, my lord, dearest and best of earthly joys
I count the sound of bells—
Ding, dong, dong, dong; what think ye on't?

WHAT do we think, Agnolo?—we agree with you and with our friend Charles Lamb, that "bells are a music pregnant with meaning, suggestive of thoughts infinitely varied, awakening the echoes of the slumbering past, calling into conscious activity the 'intuitions' that lie dormant within us." "Full many a tale their music tells;" and who can doubt that, to those who have the gift of interpreting their language, they convey articulate sounds? Who, that remembers Whittington? We love them, and with reason good; for the dear old "city of our dwelling-place" boasts a most glorious peal of sonorous chimers, that are, even at the moment we write, pouring forth a joyous strain.

The art of bell-ringing has been well called a manly and an English art; and, as Southey says in one of the chapters of his incomparable "Doctor," this may be said in its praise, that, "Of all devices which men have sought out for obtaining distinction by making a noise in the world, it is the most harmless." There is a touch of gentle sarcasm here, but the poet softens into pathos, as he recalls the effect of bells on his feelings, and he writes: I never hear chimers that they do not remind me of those which were formerly the first sounds I heard in the morning, which used to quicken my step on my way to school, and which announced my release from it, when the same tune, methought, had always a merrier import. When I remember their tones, life seems to me like a dream, and a train of recollections arises which, if it were allowed to have its course, would end in tears." The sternest bosoms have felt the subduing power of the same witching music. Bourrienne relates this anecdote of Buonaparte:—"The sound of bells produced upon Napoleon a singular effect. When we were at Malmaison, and while walking in the avenue leading to Ruel, how often has the booming of the village bell broken off our most interesting conversations! He stopped, lest the moving of our feet might cause the loss of a tone in the sound which charmed him. The influence, indeed, was so powerful, that his voice trembled with emotion while he said, 'That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne.'"

In a pleasing little book, entitled, "The Bell," written by the Rev. A. Gatty, our readers may find some varied and entertaining information on "the Origin, History, and Uses of the Bell." The first chapter treats of "The Origin and Antiquity of Bells." We are carried back to the writings of Moses, "the oldest literature extant," and reminded of the "bells of gold" that were suspended to the robe of the high priest, when he officiated in the solemn service of the sanctuary; and the author ventures to suggest that Tubal Cain, who was so skilful an artificer in brass and iron, may,

perchance, have "scooped the sounding metal into some rude species of bells."

History tells us that bells were appendages to the royal costume of the ancient Persians; and *Æschylus* and *Euripides* say, they were concealed within the hollows of the shields of Grecian heroes and commanders. In later times, the chief men and civil officers of the Germans wore them on various parts of their garments; and in all ages of the world, and in all countries, animals—horses, mules, and asses—have been decorated with them as ornaments.

In tracing the origin of the bell, we are directed to look to a period anterior to that of either Romans or Greeks: "to the Egyptians, for instance, by whom ancient Greece was colonized, and to the sacred records of the people of God. Search ought also to be made into the records of Assyria, perhaps of Etruria too, and China; into those of China especially, as bells may have existed there at a very early time in a much larger form than in either of the other countries or in Greece." The conclusion to which we are brought is, that the small sorts of bells, which were used for ornament or private convenience, are of great antiquity; but the construction of the larger kinds seems to have been deferred to a late period. "In what country large bells did really originate," says our author, "it must be confessed is still involved in some obscurity. It has been supposed that long before bells were known in Europe, they were used in Hindoo temples, for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits; but the architecture of their sacred edifices does not seem adapted to the suspension of large bells; and our utmost inquiry leads us to the conviction that church bells were invented by the Christian church herself, and not at a very early period of her existence."

The manifold "duties of the Bell in the service of the Church of the Middle Ages," are next enumerated. Some of them we will notice. There was the "Ave Maria" bell, of which Sir Thomas Brown, in the "Religio Medici," has made mention. It was tolled twice in the day; and at sound of it every person within hearing, whether in house or street, directed his prayer to the Virgin. The sage old philosopher remarks upon this custom: "I could never hear the Ave Maria bell without an elevation; and whilst others direct their devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering my own." The "Vesper Bell" was the call to evening prayer, and its plaintive sound, "seeming to weep the dying day's decay," has been the theme of many a poet's lyre. There were besides, the "Complin" and the "Sanctus" bells, bidding the faithful to their devotions; the latter being always rung when the priests came to the words of the mass, "Sancte, sancte, sancte, Deus Sabaoth," that whosoever heard the sound might prostrate himself. The "Passing Bell" was so called, because it was tolled when any one was passing from life, and was rung that those who heard it might pray for the dying person who was not yet dead. The passing bell seems now to be used merely to inform the neighbourhood that a death has occurred. The "Curfew Bell" (a name almost proverbial with us) dates from the time of the Con-



CASTING OF BELLS.

quest, when it was arbitrarily enforced by William of Normandy. It was rung at eight o'clock in the evening, as a signal that the fires and lights must be extinguished. Johnson, in his Dictionary, gives this passage from Cowell: "In many places where a bell is customarily rung towards bedtime, it is commonly said to ring curfew." Such a bell is rung (and has been so for nigh three hundred years) in the city of Norwich at the hour of eight in the evening, and also at four in the morning. In Roman Catholic countries, church bells are, in a spirit of vain superstition, christened, and made to undergo the whole exterior process of Christian baptism, including naming, anointing, sprinkling, robing, sponsorial engagements, and all that marks the admission of rational beings into the gospel covenant!

Our author proceeds to give a short account of the mode of casting bells. The business of bell-founding, it should seem, is reducible to three particulars. 1. The proportions of a bell. 2. The forming of the mould. 3. The melting of the metal. "In casting a set of bells," we are told, "the object of the founder is to get the same temperament of tone in each. When all—as is sometimes the case—turn out to be in harmony, they are called a 'maiden peal'; this, however, is a most rare occurrence. Many sets of bells have the credit of being 'maiden' without deserving it, and

a great many, for the honour of being considered such, are left decidedly out of tune. In the far-famed foundry of Messrs. Mears, of London and of Gloucester, several hundreds of bells are annually made. The whole operation of founding and equipping bells, from an ounce up to many tons in weight, may be seen at their establishments, which are of titanic dimensions."

Under the head "Statistics of celebrated Bells," we have "the reported weights of some of the most celebrated large bells." The largest of all is the great bell of Moscow, which is reputed to weigh upwards of 198 tons; whilst our own largest, yecept "Great Peter," which cost £2000, and was placed in York Minster in 1845, weighs 10 tons 15 cwt. "The great bell of St. Paul's (weighing 5 tons 2 cwt.) was originally cast in the reign of Edward III. It has been twice recast, with additional metal, and now measures ten feet in diameter, and ten inches in thickness of metal. The tone is very fine in the musical note A, concert pitch. The clapper, which weighs 180 lbs., is only used to toll on the death of one of the royal family, Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop of London, Dean of St. Paul's, or Lord Mayor."

The bells in Russia exceed in size and weight all that have ever been cast in this country. The "monster bell" of Moscow, so accurately described by Dr. Clarke in his "Travels," was raised

by a former emperor of Russia, at great cost and with much difficulty, from the pit in which it lay for nearly 200 centuries, and is now safely deposited in the *Place*. It is said that the Moscow bells, generally, have a fine tone. The Chinese have always been famous for having very large bells. There are seven at Peking of enormous dimensions; but although so large, and producing a prodigious sound, they are far inferior to ours in tone, being struck outside by wooden mallets. They are of basin-like shape, being nearly as wide at top as at bottom. The Greek Church, excepting that branch of it established in Russia, has not adopted the use of bells. The Turks, who entirely eschew the use of bells, it seems, put a prohibition upon them after the taking of Constantinople, under the pretext that their sound disturbed the repose of souls, who, according to them, wander in the regions of the air. Probably, the true motive was a political one. However, the Greeks summon their religious assemblies by striking pieces of wood or iron together.

In all probability, there were much larger bells in England prior to the Reformation than any we at present possess. In those rich and magnificent monasteries that were formerly scattered abroad over the island, there was doubtless no lack of fine sonorous bells, the gift of pious rich persons, and no expense was spared to have them most excellent, nor did they lack the ceremonials of the church to endow them with wondrous virtues. When the day of reckoning came, and the monasteries were suppressed and their spoils scattered far and wide, the bells formed no mean item of the confiscated treasure. "They were gambled for," says Blunt, "or sold into Russia, or other countries, though often, before they reached their destination, buried in the ocean." Mr. Gatty, however, consoles us for the loss of these unwieldy monsters of huge dimensions, by saying, "We maintain that our own church bells, both in size and general quality, are superior to those of other times and countries, for all the best purposes to which ringing can be applied."

Our author has some happy remarks on "the associations connected with the ringing of bells." He owns to a fond partiality for his own parish peal, to which he owes "thanks for divers gratulatory ringings," and proceeds thus to record one especially not to be forgotten.

"The parsonage, deeply embosomed among trees, and under a solemn shadow of the old church, might seem to be a quiet uneventful dwelling, whose inhabitants were not likely to be visited by those inspiring occurrences which set the bells a going. Happily, however, for our age and country, the celibat and the tonsure are not essential parts of these secluded homesteads: pitiable indeed is the system wherein such things continue to prevail. Let us then, at least, resist, with all our power, the creeping cant of false brethren among ourselves—unmanly critics of blessings which they are not worthy to partake—who are beginning to affect a monastic horror of the nursery and the crib. But to our tale. Our parsonage resounds with young voices, and to the tread of little feet. We have to sit in our study, like Maturin with the wafer on his forehead, and strive, by portentous frown, to keep the young intruders, stealing in for

book or pencil, in endurable check. These little ones have come to us in succession, as the dearest of God-sent blessings; and when one was recalled, it was difficult to define how such a loss could have been so much felt. And when the time came that we looked for a successor, with apprehensions all unknown to those who can say, with Cæsar—

"Of all the wonders that I have yet heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear"—

we confess that the release from misgiving, on its being announced to us that "a man was born into the world," was an emancipation inexpressibly charming. To disengage our spirits from the excitement of long-suppressed anxiety, we were soon bounding along the road with lighter step than we had trodden for some weeks past, and just as we reached the top of a hill about a quarter of a mile from our dwelling, which, with the neighbouring sanctuary, then came prominently into view, from the tower of the latter there seemed to burst spontaneously, and in full sympathy with our feelings, the most joy-laden peal that had ever gladdened our ears. On, on we hastened by a winding and undulating path, the sound of the bells being occasionally hushed by the intervening ground; and again it was borne up some valley, appearing to congratulate us from quite an opposite direction; and, as the distance varied, from our pursuing a circuitous route, an effect as of different peals was thus repeatedly produced. When we returned homewards, some masterly changes were being rung round; and we can assure the reader that Whittington's ambitious hopes, as he listened to the summons he fancied he heard from the far-off belfry to be Lord Mayor of London, were less enviable than the triumphant gladness of our heart on this occasion of domestic celebration."

Various methods of bell-ringing have been adopted in other countries. Large bells are generally rung by hitting them outside, or by means of a rope attached to the clapper, which the ringer pulls and then releases, so as to give a sharp stroke on the bell. Chimes on the continent are played by means of a barrel like that in a hand-organ, and clock-work, both in this country and abroad, is used for the same purpose. "The *carillons*, which are so prevalent throughout the Netherlands, are played like a piano-forte, the keys being connected with the bells by bands or rods. A great number of bells are required for this strange music, having a complete series or scale of tones and semitones, and the carillonneur employs both hands and feet in executing the sprightly airs which charm the inhabitants of the cities of the Low Countries." "Nothing, however," concludes our writer, after enumerating these various fashions, "which can be done with bells is to be compared with our old English mode of ringing peals and musical changes. The date of the origin of this custom, it appears, is involved in considerable obscurity."

Although the subject of "the bell," is far from exhausted, and we have not even touched on the "various modern uses of small bells," to which our author devotes a final chapter, we feel it is time to close this paper, and we do so with a short account of the singular and unique effect produced by the peal of rejoicing, alternating with that of the knell

of mourning and death. Perhaps some of those who read these lines may remember the celebration of the victory of Trafalgar; it was thus described by one who wrote of it at the time. "I was in my venerable native city, Chester, ill in bed, and knew not of the victory of Trafalgar. Suddenly there arose a joyous and deafening peal from the eleven churches; then came a dead stop, and one deep toll from the cathedral sounded solemnly over the old city. Then there burst forth the joyous peal again; then came the pause, and the knell for England's 'darling hero.' These contrasts of sound were alternately produced with an effect that was beyond expression striking and overpowering." Who knows what victories by sea or land will be announced by the jubilant peal in our day, or, in sad contrast, what knells of death, lamentation, and woe, shall mournfully damp the nation's joy! Well is it if we can, amidst all, preserve a calm and firm confidence in the assurance that GOD REIGNETH; so that, when the news of success and victory reach us, we may rejoice with moderation; or, if we should hear of evil tidings, we may not be afraid, but hope in him who will yet be our helper and our God.*

LIONS, TIGERS, AND MONKEYS.

As a corrective of that vitiated literary taste which prevails to a large extent among the reading public, and especially in the lower classes of society, few things can be more safely recommended than pleasant and popular papers on Natural History. The Creator has annexed a positive gratification to the study of this portion of his works, and it only requires the mind to become habituated to such reading in order to form a strong attachment to it. Unhappily, however, many writers in this department of knowledge literally bar up the gate that leads to it by the learned and abstract language which they employ. A real boon is, therefore, conferred upon the public when a man of science condescends to be popular, and presents the results of his observations in simple words and in an alluring dress. We have rarely met with a better illustration of what we desire in this respect, than is supplied in an article on the "London Zoological Gardens," which appeared in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review." We would wish to point it out as a model of the union of the agreeable and the instructive. Our readers will judge of its merit by the following sample, describing the dens of the lions and tigers, and the house of those general favourites of the London public—the monkeys.

"On the first formation of the Gardens, the Society seems to have taken for its model some roving menagerie, as many of the houses of the beasts were nothing better than caravans dismounted from their wheels, and the managers encamped their collection in a fashion little more permanent than Wombwell would have done upon a village green. It was speedily found that the health of the felidæ suffered materially from their close confinement, which did not even admit of the change of air experienced in the travelling caravan. In fact, the lions, tigers, leopards, and

pumas, did not live on an average more than twenty-four months. To remedy this state of things, the terrace dens were constructed, and, rushing from one extreme to the other, tropical animals were left exposed to the full rigour of winter. The drifting rain fell upon their hair, and they were exposed in cold wet weather to a temperature which even man, who ranges from the torrid zone to the arctic circle, could not resist unprotected. The consequences were manifested in the increase of inflammatory lung diseases; and it is now found necessary to protect the dens by matting and artificial heat from the extreme cold and damp of the winter months. In the summer, the exposure suits them admirably, and it must be confessed that the tigers look only too fat and comfortable. One of the most interesting cages is that which contains a family party, consisting of the mastiff with the lion and his mate. They were brought up together from cubhood, and agree to a marvel; though the dog would prove little more than a mouthful for either of his noble looking companions. Visitors express a vast deal of sympathy for him, and fancy that the lion is only saving him up, as the Giant did Jack, for a future feast. But their sympathy, we believe, is thrown away. 'Lion' has always maintained the ascendancy he assumed when a pup, and any rough handling on the part of his huge playfellows is immediately resented by his flying at their noses. Although the dog is allowed to come out of the den every morning, he shows a great disinclination to leave his old friends. It is, however, thought advisable to separate them at feeding-time. Both the lion and lioness are of English birth, and it is singular that out of the great number that have been born in the Society's garden full fifty per cent. have come into the world with cleft palates, and have perished in consequence of not being able to suck. If the keepers were to fill their nostrils with tow, we fancy they could accomplish this act, as well at least as children who are suffering from cold in the head. Although the male is not yet fully grown, he is sufficiently developed to show the difference between the African variety to which he belongs and the East Indian specimen at the other end of the terrace. Our young Cape friend has a fine mane and a tail but slightly bushed at the top, which droops towards the ground. The full-grown animal from Goojerat, is, on the contrary, comparatively maneless, and his tail takes a short curl upwards at the end. The caudal extremity of both is furnished with a rudimentary claw. This little appendage was supposed by the ancients to be instrumental in lashing the lion into fury, and Mr. Gordon Cumming informs us that the natives of South Africa believe it to be the residence of an evil spirit, which never evacuates its post until death overtakes the beast and gives it notice to quit. The Goojerat or maneless lion is supposed to be the original of the heraldic beast we regard with such respect as a national emblem, but which foreigners maintain is nothing better than a leopard.

"But why do we coop these noble animals in such nutshells of cages? What a miserable sight to see them pace backwards and forwards in their box-like dens! Why should they, of all the beasts of the forest, be condemned to such imprisonment?

* Written before the late armistice was concluded.

The bear has its pole, the deer its paddock, the otter his pool, where at least they have enough liberty to keep them in health; but we stall our lions and tigers as we would oxen, till they grow lethargic, fat, and puffy, like city aldermen. With half an acre of inclosed ground, strewn with sand, we might see the king of beasts pace freely, as in his Libyan fastness, and with twenty feet of artificial rock might witness the tiger's bound. Such an arrangement would, we are convinced, attract thousands to the gardens, and restore to the larger carnivora that place among the beasts from which they have been so unfairly degraded. We commend this idea to Mr. Mitchell, the able secretary to the Society, who has shown by his system of 'starring' how alive he is to the fact, that it is to the sixpenny and shilling visitors, who flock to the gardens by tens of thousands on holidays, that he must look to support the wise and liberal expenditure he has lately adopted.

"On the other side of the terrace, in addition to the leopards and hyenas, is to be found a splendid collection of bears, from the sharp-muzzled sun-bear (who robs a bees'-hive in a hollow tree as artistically as a London thief cuts a purse), to the enormous Russian Bruin, the largest perhaps ever exhibited. 'Prince Menschikoff,' as he is called by the keepers, grew into exceeding good condition in the gardens at Hull, where it appears he chiefly dieted upon his brethren, the cannibal having consumed no less than five bears; and they appear to have had the same effect upon him as cod-liver oil upon a human invalid. His neighbours, the white Polar bears, contrast with him strangely in physiognomy and form; their heads, sharp as pole-cats', seem fashioned like cutwaters to enable them to make their way in the sea; and if they would lift their huge paws we should see that they were clothed almost entirely with hair, to aid them in securing a firm footing on the ice. The largest of these beasts managed to get out of his inclosure before the top of it was barred in; but he was peaceably led back again. Indeed, even the wildest of the beasts, after a little confinement, seem so frightened at recovering their liberty, that they easily allow themselves to be recaptured.

"Last year the felidæ alone consumed beef, mutton, and horseflesh to the value of £1367 19s. 5d. This sum is entirely irrespective of the fish, snakes, frogs, and other 'small deer' given to the birds and inferior carnivora. They all live here like gentlemen, emancipated from the drudgery of finding their daily food. They have their slaughter-houses close at hand in the gardens, where sheep, oxen, and horses are weekly killed expressly for them. Some of them will only eat cooked meat. Soon after the establishment of the gardens experiments were made as to be best manner of feeding them, which proved that, while they gained flesh and continued active upon one full meal a day, they lost weight and became drowsy on two half-meals. In the endeavour to follow nature still closer, they were dieted more sparingly, and even fasted at certain seasons. This treatment, however, resulted in a catastrophe—a female leopard and puma killing and eating their companions: a strong hint for fuller rations, which was not neglected.

"The admirably arranged but vilely ventilated monkey-house is always a great source of attraction. The mixture of fun and solemnity, the odd attitudes and tricks, and the human expression of their countenances, all tend to attract, and at the same time to repel. Mr. Rogers used to say, that visiting them was like going to see one's poor relations; and wondrous shabby old fellows some of them appear. We have only to look into their faces for a moment to see that they differ from each other as much as the faces of mankind. There is a large, long-haired, black-faced rascal, who looks as murderous as a Malay; a little way off we see another with great bushy whiskers and shaggy eyebrows (the mona), the very picture of a successful horse-dealer; a third, with his long nose and keen eye, has all the air of a crafty old lawyer. The contemplation of them brings involuntarily to the mind the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The apes and baboons are indeed purely brutal, and only excite disgust: towards the latter the whole company of smaller monkeys express the utmost hatred—as may be seen when the keeper by way of fun takes one of them out of his cage and walks him down the room. The whole population rush to the front of their cages, and hoot, growl, and chatter at him. The vivacious little capuchin monkeys are evidently the favourites, and bag most of the nuts; the brown capuchin appears to be particularly knowing, as he keeps a big pebble at hand, and, when he finds that his teeth are not equal to the task, he taps the nut with the stone with just sufficient force to break the shell without bruising the kernel. We have often seen this little fellow take a pinch of snuff, and assiduously rub his own and companion's skin with it, with a full knowledge, no doubt, of the old recipe for killing fleas. He will also make use of an onion for a similar purpose. Among the other quadrumana in this house, we find the lemurs, which look more like long-legged weasels than monkeys, and the bright-faced little marmosets, who cluster inquiringly to the front of their cage, looking in their cap-shaped head-dress of fur like so many gossips quizzing you over the window-blinds.

"At the present moment there is no specimen of either the uran or chimpanzee in the gardens, but there have been at least half-a-dozen located here within the last ten years, one of which, 'Jenny,' maintained her health for five years. The damp, cold air of the gardens at last brought on consumption, and the public must remember the poor, wheezing, dying brute, with a plaster on her chest and blankets around her, the very picture of a moribund old man. The only specimen now in Europe is in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. This animal, one of the finest ever seen, is in excellent health, and promises to maintain it in the bright air of la Belle France. An accomplished naturalist has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of this brute, which clearly indicate that he is a very Doctor Busby among his fellows:—

"He passed through London on his way to Paris, having landed at Plymouth. There were then two female Chims resident in the gardens in the Regent's Park, and the French Chim was allowed to lodge in their hotel for a couple of

nights. On his appearance, both of these young ladies uttered cries of recognition, which however evinced more fear than anything else. Chim was put into a separate compartment, or room with a double grille, to prevent the probable injuries which discordant apes will inflict on each other. He had scarcely felt the floor under his feet, when he began to pay attention to his countrywomen thus suddenly and unexpectedly found. Their fear and surprise gradually subsided, and they stood watching him attentively, when he broke out into a characteristic *pas seul*, which he kept up for a considerable time, uttering cries scarcely more hideous than seem the notes of a Chinese singer, and not far out of unison with his loudly-beating feet. The owner, who was present, said that he was imitating a dance of the negroes which the animal had often seen while resident in his house in Africa. The animal was upwards of a year and a half old, and had spent one year of his life in this gentleman's house. The Chim maidens gradually relaxed their reserve as the vivacity of the dance increased, until at last, when it was over, each stealthily put a hand through the grille and welcomed their friend and brother to their home in a far land. As the weather was severe—it was early in December—it is possible that their talk was of their native palm-groves and their never-ending summer. Chim thenceforth made himself as agreeable as possible, and when the time for his departure came, the maidens exhibited the liveliest regret, short of tears, at losing him. At Paris he increased rapidly in stature and intelligence. The climate, diet (he drinks his pint of bordeaux daily), and lively society of the French, seem to be more congenial to Chim's physique than our melancholy London. He makes acquaintance not only with the staff, but with the habitués of the garden. The last time I saw him, (May, 1854) he came out to taste the morning air in the large circular inclosure in front of the Palais des Singes, which was built for "our poor relations" by M. Thiers. Here Chim began his day by a leisurely promenade, casting pleased and thankful glances towards the sun, the beautiful sun of early summer. He had three satellites, *coati-mundis*, either by chance or to amuse him; and while making all manner of eyes at a young lady who supplies the *Singerie* with pastry and cakes, one of the *coati-mundis* came up stealthily behind and dealt him a small but malicious bite. Chim looked round with astonishment at this audacious outrage on his person, put his hand haughtily upon the wound, but without losing his temper in the least. He walked deliberately to the other side of the circle, and fetched a cane which he had dropped there in his promenade. He returned with majestic wrath upon his brow, mingled, I thought, with contempt; and, taking *Coati* by the tail, commenced punishment with his cane, administering such blows as his victim could bear without permanent injury, and applied with equal justice to the ribs on either side, in a direction always parallel to the spine. When he thought enough had been done, he disposed of *Coati* without moving a muscle of his countenance, by a left-handed jerk which threw the delinquent high in air, head over heels. He came down a sadder and a better *Coati*, and retired with shame

and fear to an outer corner. Having executed this act of justice, Chim betook himself to a tree. A large baboon, who had in the mean time made his appearance in the circle, thought this was a good opportunity of doing a civil thing, and accordingly mounted the tree and sat down smilingly, as baboons smile, upon the next fork. Chim slowly turned his head at this attempt at familiarity, measured the distance, raised his hind foot, and, as composedly as he had caned the *coati*, kicked the big baboon off his perch into the arena below. This abasement seemed to do the baboon good, for he also retired like the *coati*, and took up his station on the other side. To what perfection of manners and development of thought the last year and a half may have brought him I can scarcely guess; but one day doubtless some one will say of him, as an oriental prince once said to me, after long looking at the uran 'Peter'— 'Does he speak English yet?'

"The monkeys before they were transferred to this house suffered a great mortality, and indeed, on taking possession of their new apartment, the keepers used to remove the dead by the barrowful in the morning. This extreme mortality was produced by want of ventilation and a system of heating, which burnt the air and induced inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. Arnott, upon being consulted, directed the substitution of an open stove, when the deaths ceased."

THE BUCKINGHAM TAILOR.

THERE lived at Miswell, a small village at that time consisting of but four or five houses, in the year 1699, a poor and hard-working couple of the names of Robert and Phoebe Hill. They had a child born to them in that year, a puny and sickly babe, who seemed destined to an early death. The child, however, lived on from month to month in spite of adverse prophecies, while the father, within the year, sickened and died, leaving his widow and orphan unprovided for. The poor woman went back to her relations with her feeble babe, who now began to pick up a little strength as if in defiance of the general auguries, and to turn a more promising face upon the fortune, whatever it might be, that lay before him. The child bore his father's name, and for five years, under his mother's fostering care, thrived well, and laid the foundation of what afterwards proved a sound and durable constitution. At the end of that time, Phoebe Hill was married again to a tailor of the name of Robinson, residing at Buckingham. On removing thither with her husband, she left the little Robert with his grandmother, with whom at Miswell he remained for five years longer. The boy evinced nothing remarkable in his conduct during these years, and in no visible respects differed from other children of his age. The old dame was not in circumstances to do much for him in the way of education; but all that she could do she did. She took pains herself to teach him to read, and succeeded tolerably well in the task; and she sent him to school when she could spare the money to pay the schoolmaster, in order that he might learn to write. Seven or eight weeks teaching of this sort was, however, all that fell to his lot, and be-

yond this he had no further schooling during his youth.

When little Robert was ten years old, his grandmother removed with her family to Tring Grove, where one of her sons carried on the business of a small farm. Robert was now thought old enough to do something for his own living, and he was sent into the fields to scare the rooks from the corn, to pull turnips from the frosty soil, to tend the sheep and cattle, to drive the plough, and to lend a helping hand whenever he might be of use. He led the life of a farmer's boy for nearly four years, by which time his friends discovered that his frame and constitution were not equal to the fatigue it entailed, and resolved to bring him up to some less laborious occupation. They were too poor to make a choice, or to be enabled to consult the lad's inclinations; and, nothing better offering, they took him over to Buckingham, and bound him apprentice to his father-in-law, the tailor.

Robert took kindly to his father-in-law's trade, and for some time worked steadily and monotonously, with no other apparent ambition than that of qualifying himself as a good workman. But he had not been two years at the needle before what seemed the merest accident aroused within him an ardent thirst for knowledge, which it soon became the grand business of his life to assuage. There were in Buckingham Church two or three epitaphs and inscriptions in the Latin language. Robert, who could read all the other inscriptions intelligibly enough, wondered why it was he could not understand these; and when the nature of the difficulty was explained to him, soon passed from wondering to resolving and determining that he would understand them, all reasons to the contrary notwithstanding. When he made this resolution, the poor boy little knew the work he had cut out for himself, or the perseverance it would require to accomplish it; but he held to his purpose in the face of all discouragements, and, because he was not to be deterred by difficulties, finally triumphed over them.

At this time he was about sixteen years old, could read an English book tolerably well, and could write a little. He began his assault upon the Latin tongue by purchasing a Latin grammar wanting in a dozen or so of its leaves, and almost three-quarters of a Littleton's dictionary. He spent all his money in the purchase of these fragments, and had to leave the luxury of perfect copies to those who could pay for them. He now applied himself to reading and study at every moment he could snatch from business, meals, or sleep. His father-in-law looked with a jealous eye upon this new pursuit, imagining, doubtless, that it might tell badly in the long-run upon the mystery of tailoring. This jealousy led him to curtail Robert's leisure during the day, which he made no scruple of appropriating on the flimsiest pretence. To make up for this, the lad had to steal the hours from sleep; and, as they would allow him no candles, what little money came in his way was all expended in their purchase, to enable him to make the most of the nights. His progress in the study of a language confessedly most difficult to acquire must have been necessarily exceedingly slow and unsatisfactory, looking to the facts that he had no helper, that he had not the consciousness of former achievements that way to cheer him on, and that he had

to grope his way, as it were, blindly towards his ultimate object. The wonder is, that he did not abandon the pursuit in disgust.

He had been toiling away in this manner about a year, when the small-pox, then a terrible plague which carried off its hundreds of thousands annually, made its appearance in Buckingham. According to custom, all who could flew from the face of the pestilence, and took refuge elsewhere. Robert was packed off at once back to his uncle at Tring Grove, and that with such breathless haste that his well-thumbed dictionary and grammar were left behind; and as no communication was maintained with the infected town, all hopes of further progress in the Latin tongue were for the present at an end. At his uncle's house, Robert found, besides the Bible, three books—the "Practice of Piety," the "Whole Duty of Man," and Manger's "French Grammar;" and of these he immediately took possession. There was nothing else for him to do at the farm but to keep the sheep—an occupation that suited him extremely well, as it allowed him to stretch himself under a hedge and read all day long. In this way he mastered so thoroughly the contents of his three volumes, that by the expiration of a twelvemonth he had the whole almost by heart.

Robert remained at Tring Grove a year and a quarter, when, the small-pox having ceased its ravages at Buckingham, he returned to his master's house to serve out the rest of his time. No faces delighted him more on his return than those of his old grammar and dictionary, to which he now devoted himself with redoubled ardour after so long a separation. Soon after his return, he was fortunate enough to make friends with one or two of the boys of the Buckingham Free School, and from them he immediately derived such assistance in his studies as proved of material use. He picked up at a stall an old Latin Testament, and a gentleman who saw him cheapening it made him a present of "Cæsar's Commentaries." The possession of these fired his ambition anew, and by dint of hard study, with such helps as he could derive from his friends the town-school boys, he learned in a few months to read a good part of them. In the mean time Robert had the sense not to neglect his business, and by the time his term of apprenticeship had expired he had become an expert workman, both as tailor and staymaker—crafts which in those days were generally united.

In 1721 Robert Hill had attained his majority, and, having commenced business on his own account, he took a wife. Soon after his marriage, one of his customers gave him a Greek Testament, and Robert incontinently began the study of Greek. In this he met with valuable assistance from a young gentleman who gave him a Greek grammar, and helped him to a little instruction from time to time. The cares of business, and the expenses of a household, that had to be maintained, allowed Robert but little time for the prosecution of his Greek; but, having once undertaken it, it was not in his nature to give it up, and for fourteen years he steadily pursued the study, and finally mastered the language to his satisfaction. In a few years after his marriage, he found a young family rising around him; and as the proceeds of his tailoring and staymaking operations were in-

sufficient to meet the demands now made upon him, he opened a school for the education of boys, which he contrived to carry on during the usual hours, without abandoning his sartorial labours. The school thrived well, and gained a good reputation; so much so that, during the seven years that he presided over it, he had upon the average over fifty scholars always under his tuition. He was not, however, without his difficulties to contend with. He had scarcely been a schoolmaster six months when a lad, tolerably well advanced in his education, was taken from a boarding-school and sent to finish his curriculum with the Buckingham tailor. On conversing with his new pupil, Robert, whose arithmetic was sadly behind the mark, notwithstanding that he was by this time a competent Latinist, discovered that the lad knew more of figures than he did himself. The boy was, in fact, then working at decimal fractions, while the master was yet elbowing his way through compound division. Here was a dilemma which embarrassed him not a little. But he took a safe course. Setting the lad to work at copying out the whole of the tables of decimal fractions from Wingate's "Arithmetic," a task which, according to the quota daily assigned him, he knew would take six weeks to do, Robert began toiling with all his might to overtake his pupil. To do this he had to sit up the best part of every night for the whole six weeks; and he made such good use of these night hours, that before the interval had elapsed he had made himself thoroughly master of the terrible decimals, and was well qualified to direct the progress of the pupil.

Robert lost his first wife after they had lived happily together for seven years. At the time of her death he had risen considerably in the social scale, and was well known and respected in the town and neighbourhood, as the owner of a flourishing school and a man of self-asserting talent and persevering industry. Two years after her death, he was induced to make a second match, which, as the lady was possessed of some amount of property, his friends were disposed to consider an advantageous one. It turned out, however, very much the reverse. The woman proved to be of abandoned habits, addicted to secret vices, and guilty of the grossest extravagance. Robert found his comfortable home turned into a sty and a pandemonium—his children neglected and himself defied. He sought refuge from domestic miseries in a new study which might serve as a diversion for his thoughts, and began with all his vigour to learn the Hebrew language—a pursuit which soon completely fascinated him with its characteristic difficulties. He had not been engaged with it many weeks, however, before he was compelled to fly from the pursuit of creditors whom his wife's wicked extravagance had brought upon him. His school had to be abandoned, and he, driven far away to avoid a prison, had to wander about the country as a travelling tailor and staymaker, in order to earn the means of subsistence.

In disgust at his misfortunes, and oppressed with mortification and despair, he sold his books and determined to abandon the pursuit of knowledge, and to live the life of other men of his class. Such a resolution, the fruit of his bitter

melancholy, was not likely to be long maintained by such a man. When time had kindly soothed his spirit, he provided himself with books once more, and with them for the companions of his wanderings, pursued alternately his trade and his varied studies during ten years of unsettled life—constantly changing his residence for fear of detection by his wife's creditors.

In 1741, the unhappy woman who had been the sole cause of his misfortunes died at Buckingham, and, as a settlement of her affairs followed upon her death, Robert Hill might have returned to that town, where he would have been well received. But none of his friends knew where to find him, as he had kept up no correspondence with them, lest his letters should lead to his discovery. It was by accident that he at length heard of his wife's decease, three years after it had taken place, when he immediately turned his face once more towards Buckingham, where he reappeared in January, 1744.

Robert did not re-open his school, but, resuming his trade as tailor and staymaker, found it sufficiently profitable to supply his moderate wants. Surrounded by loving friends, and by a new collection of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew volumes, he passed his days peacefully in alternations of labour and study. In 1747, however, he married a third wife; and again, when he was approaching fifty years of age, the claims of an infant family appealed to him for renewed exertions. To meet the inevitable expenses, Robert this time turned author instead of schoolmaster. What sort of books he wrote we are not in a condition to say, as copies of his works are scarce at the present time, and all of them lie beyond the limits of our reading. Of four only we know the titles; they were "Remarks on the Essay on Spirit" (probably a stout piece of controversy), "An Essay setting forth the Absurdities of the Church of Rome," "The Character of a Jew," and "Criticisms on Job."

Robert Hill, though as a child weak and feeble, lived to be seventy-eight years old, and appears to have suffered no bodily affliction worthy of notice between the periods of infancy and old age. He died at Buckingham in the year 1777. He used to say that it took him seven years to learn Latin, fourteen to learn Greek, and not more than six weeks altogether to learn Hebrew.

He would be an ingenious contriver who could devise a series of difficulties more discouraging than those which, during nearly the whole of his career, stood between the Buckingham tailor and the erudition which he was determined to make his own. Uneducated, unfriended, uncountenanced, in his first endeavours after the elements of knowledge, he began the toilsome ascent alone up that hill of difficulty from which thousands are beaten back who have all the aids of wealth and the excitements of flattering applause to cheer them on. On review, his determination looks more like unwarranted audacity than hopeful courage—so improbable was it, to all appearance, that his solitary endeavours should be crowned with success. Yet, in the end, they were all successful; he failed in nothing that he undertook; and the reason seems to be, that he knew not how to retreat, and would not turn his back upon an attempt once made.

If it should be urged that after all he did no-

thing very great, that Robert Hill is a name all but unknown to fame, and that his works have little value but as curiosities for the collector's museum, we would answer, that all success is comparative; that the labourer's orphan son, the tailor's apprentice, the penniless student of the dark hours, *did* achieve honourable mention in the "Biographical Calendar;" and that, above all, he achieved an example of more value than many a monument we wot of, and from which he that regards it wisely may pluck courage, when he has once fixed on an object worthy of his powers, to struggle bravely with the obstructions of life.

HINTS TO WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

THE true use of language is to express, and not, as Talleyrand said, to conceal, our thoughts; and he is the best writer and speaker who can convey his meaning in the fewest and choicest words. It is a great mistake to suppose that many words make a good style, or that sounding words give power to speech; they for the most part do but weaken it. I compare the noisy speaker, who culls all the flowers of rhetoric wherewith to garnish his discourse, and whose sentences are rounded with the pomp of an inflated oratory, to a shallow and babbling brook, the stony bottom whereof can be discerned through the musical gloss of its waters. Deep streams make no noise, but are self-sustained, concentrated, and irresistible in their strength; and so the great speaker will manifest his superiority by the grandeur of his thoughts rather than the grandiloquence of his language. This is eloquence, and there is none other.

Uneducated men are very apt to be cheated by sound, and carried away by the manner of a speaker. But it is one thing to tickle the ears of an audience, and another to reach their understandings. I require of a man who professes to teach, that he shall say something wise and memorable, and not talk for an hour and say nothing—a fashion which, of late years, has become very prevalent. It is the matter of a speaker, and not the manner and form of his speech, which really concerns an audience. Declamation is for boys to use, it is their rightful plaything; but men will avoid it. Let a speaker see that he gets something affirmed, and that it be worthy of wise men to consider. It is a degrading thing to pander to an audience; and as the speaker for the time being is the king of his audience, let him take care that he do not disgrace his functions by any mean descents. Speak always through the head to the heart: for this is the true method; and, depend upon it, the heart can only be reached to any enduring purpose by appeals which are founded in truth and justice. Enthusiastic screams may for a moment carry an audience in the whirlwind which they raise; but reflection returns, and there is an end of such influence. I do not, however, proscribe enthusiasm: on the contrary, I regard it as a grand auxiliary to successful eloquence; for enthusiasm is winged earnestness; but I would have the wings cut a little, so as to keep them within bound. All excesses are evil, and without apology. That is the true enthusiasm, when a man, kindling with his subject, speaks the words which his thoughts naturally suggest; for in

well-disciplined minds the intellect is ever active and vigilant—even in the stormy tempests of passion and debate—and restrains within the limits of judicious speech the fiery ebullitions which are prompted by enthusiasm. Be earnest in discourse—so that it may be felt that *you* feel—but not over much; and do not strive to be eloquent, but leave the spirit to its own deliverance; for the mind often kindles itself, and at such times failure is certain and inevitable. Eloquence will come of its own free accord, or not at all. It is at once comical and sorrowful to observe some speakers—how they struggle to produce effect by unnatural efforts—to make impressions by the sheer force of nonsensical bathos: and yet I have marked that all such efforts are vain and futile, and that audiences are not in any way moved by them. The judicious will smile, the ignorant will be dazzled, but no fibre of the heart will be touched. Good speakers will carefully prepare the matter of a discourse, and leave the manner to take care of itself. As Michael Angelo said to the artist: "Be not too mindful about the effect of your work; the light of the public market-place will soon test what value there is *in* the work." True effect is the natural result of the development of ideas, and there is none other worthy of the name. It must proceed from within, outward; and cannot be put on. A man's utterance should be the birth-cry of his thoughts.

All young men, however, writers and speakers, are apt to indulge in superlatives, and express what they have to say in fine words and flowery rhetoric. I suppose this is natural, and not to be avoided in youth; and I find the same thing to be characteristic of the youth of nations. But what is pardonable in youth, is unpardonable in age; and a mature and cultivated mind will reject all florid expressions, as marring the architecture of its thought, and use purer, simpler, and chaster materials. The masonry will thereby be all the more solid, durable, and beautiful. Not that ornaments are to be barred in a writer, but they must spring naturally out of the thought, and be one with it. There must be no grafting, but growth. Study the true power of words, and put them to their work. Our language is capable of a much finer service than, of late years, it has often been put to; and the genius of a writer may be as much manifested in his skilful use of words, as in his subject-matter. Hence a knowledge of the etymology of a language is indispensable. A great number of simple, powerful, and expressive words have become obsolete, and their original meaning lost, as much from the ignorance and carelessness of writers, as from the innovation of foreign words in our language. It is nevertheless the duty of scholars to recover them, and give them a place once more in our literature. I dislike a Latinized style, and prefer Addison to Dr. Johnson. We doubtless owe much to the good doctor, who loved to decorate himself in Roman jewels, whose very growl was gorgeous, and who walked grimly respected by his contemporaries—but he was a traitor to the Saxon tongue, and never borrowed wealth from its mint when he could get it from alien sources. His style I sometimes think has debauched our language, and the influence of it made even Burke at times a painted harle-

quin. We see in our own day how this love of pompous words and sounding sentences has corrupted our literature. Let us go back, I for one say, to the simpler words which lie at the base of our noble English tongue, and accept the rest as servants and subordinates to these.

Literature can further enrich itself with words and symbols from the arts and sciences; from war, heraldry, and even from commerce. He who can lay hold of these words and turn them to the higher uses of thought, will strengthen as well as adorn his style. This is the work for genius to accomplish, and genius alone; for ordinary men cannot perceive analogies in language, and do not know what rough jewels lie by the way-side. But the wise man will pick them up and smooth them to his purpose. Even the commonest words gain force and beauty when put into new connections of thought. I remember being present at a great meeting at Manchester, assembled to discuss the best means of promoting a national system of education, and hearing a public character remark "that by attending that meeting he was not making *political capital*;" and I saw clearly that this expression was a new coinage, and would have extensive currency, which has proved to be the case, for I have noted its adoption by men of eminence in letters, as well as by journalists and public speakers. And this is an example of what I mean by the enrichment of literature from sources which are foreign to it. The phrase in question is, however, I believe, of American origin.

In order to correct and form the taste for good English writing and speaking, it is necessary to read none but the best books. The mind soon becomes accustomed to noble and eloquent speech, and demands thenceforth a high standard from those who would win its favours: and it as readily becomes diseased when it feeds upon the garbage of the common shambles. Culture is the one thing needful to put down quackery, whether on the platform or in literature.

HEART BALSAM.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was dying of a wound which did not seem very dangerous at first, but it baffled his physicians, and was rapidly becoming mortal. One night, however, he dreamed that some one had brought him a peculiar-looking plant, which, when applied to the festering sore, had cleansed and closed it. In the morning when he awoke, he described the plant, and the historian says, that being sought for it was found and applied, and the fiery wound was healed. Now, dear reader, your soul has got a deadly hurt. It has been bitten by that old serpent, the devil; and although the injury may not look alarming at the first, sin has got into the system, and left to yourself you will never recover. The wound gets worse. Your very efforts to heal it, only exasperate it more and more. You have broken the Sabbath; you have taken God's name in vain; you have been overtaken with strong drink; you have been guilty of some deed, harsh, cruel, dishonest; or you have spoken some words malignant, impious, or untrue:—something has occurred which, standing through your conscience, calls attention to the neglected stab in your nature. And you try to heal it. You lay some flattering unction on the sore. You promise to yourself and to God that you will never do the like again. You form earnest purposes, and you sketch out excellent schemes of daily conduct. You

bind yourself to a daily task of Bible-reading; you go regularly to church; perhaps in the hope of a decisive benefit, you even force yourself forward to the communion. But nothing comes of it. The damage is too deep. Ungodliness—the virus that kills the soul—has got into the blood; it bounds in every rebellious pulse, it breathes in every selfish prayer, it converts into a worse disease each self-righteous palliative; and though for a season your conscience may be soothed, the wound is still deadly, your nature is still unrenewed.

But, despised and rejected of men, there is a tender plant known to God, and revealed in the gospel, which is able to heal you. It is the Balm of Gilead—the finished work of Immanuel, the substitution in the sinner's stead, and the satisfaction rendered to Divine justice by God's beloved Son. In order to obtain its healing essence, they used to wound the Balsam Tree; and so for our transgressions the Saviour was wounded. In order to give forth in one crowning and conclusive act the merit of his life, he was obedient unto death, and he made his soul an offering for sin. In the fires of Gethsemane "the green tree" burned, and was not consumed; but in that hour of hot indignation, when his sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground, the first drops of this heavenly balm exuded, and when on Calvary his blessed side was pierced, the full current followed. The blood then poured forth, meeting as it did the great maxim in Heaven's jurisprudence, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission," and bringing to a climax the vicarious sufferings of the Divine Redeemer, is often spoken of as if it had been the entire price which purchased redemption, and is constantly employed as an affecting synonyme for Immanuel's atoning sacrifice. "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins." "Ye are redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

With its peace-speaking, soul-cleansing efficacy, this precious blood is the balm which God has provided to restore soundness to the sin-stricken nature. Most usually in the vehicle of some "faithful saying," the Holy Spirit takes the truth concerning Jesus and applies it to the understanding and the heart. In some thoughtful or anxious moment he sheds a new and endearing light on the sacrifice and intercession of the Saviour; and, whilst surveying the great appointed antidote, love, thankfulness, and praise, steal into the mind of the beholder. The aspect of the Godhead is altered; and, surrendering to the grace of the gospel, the rebel is subdued into a penitent, and the penitent is surprised into the gratitude and new obedience of the prodigal restored.

As a North-American Indian once described it to an audience in London: "You know we Indians are great deer-hunters, and when we shoot the deer he runs away as if he was not hurt; but when he gets to the hill, he feels the pain, and he lays down on that side where the pain is most severe. Then he feels the pain on the other side, and turns over; and so he wanders about till he perishes. After I learned to pray, that pain in my heart increased more severe. I could not sleep. Like the wounded deer, I turned from side to side, and could not rest. At last I got up at one or two o'clock at night, and walked about my room. I made another effort in prayer, and said, 'O Jesus, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me;' and before the break of day, I found that my heavy heart was taken away. I felt happy. I felt the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. I found Jesus indeed sweet to my soul."—*Dr. Hamilton's Emblems from Eden.*